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N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, December 24.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Barmsey, Fort-road, 7, Supply.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11, Rev. H. WOODS PERRIS; 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. M. WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Rev. W. PIGGOTT.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Hounslow Public Library, 6.30.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11, Rev. R. P. FARLEY; 7, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPP.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIS.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DOUGLAS ROBSON, B.D.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11, Mr. E. WILKES SMITH.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. W. PIGGOTT; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., 11.15 and 7, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, Wandsworth, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, 27B, Merton-road, 7, Mr. J. W. GALE.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. J. WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 6.30, Rev. T. F. M. BROCKWAY.

ABBEYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.
 BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, East Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. LYDDON TUCKER, M.A.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate-street (Presbyterian), 11 and 6.45, Rev. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30, Mr. A. R. P. HICKLEY.

CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. B. C. CONSTABLE.
 DEAN ROW, 10.45, and
 STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EYESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WILSON.
 GEE CROSS, 11, Rev. E. H. PICKERING; 6.30, Rev. H. E. DOWSON.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS and Rev. H. W. KING.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. K. H. BOND.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MORETONHAMPSTEAD, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALFRED HALL, M.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
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 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.
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 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11, Rev. B. C. CONSTABLE.
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 HAMPSTEAD, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15.
 ISLINGTON, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, United Service, Revs. C. J. STREET and A. H. DOLPHIN.
 STRATFORD, Unitarian Church, 11, Carols.

DEATHS.

PRESTON.—On December 17, at 43, Heathurst-road, Hampstead, Joseph Classon Preston, in his 68th year.

TOULMIN SMITH.—On December 18, at Oxford, Lucy Toulmin Smith, librarian of Manchester College, eldest daughter of the late J. Toulmin Smith, of Highgate, London, aged 73. Regretted by a large circle of friends.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK	811	CORRESPONDENCE :—		FOR THE CHILDREN :—	
VERSES :—		Manchester College and its Need of		The Woodman and the Child	819
Mary Magdalene	812	Students	817	MEMORIAL NOTICES :—	
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS	813	“Regni Evangelium”	817	Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith.	820
LIFE, RELIGION AND AFFAIRS :—		BOOKS AND REVIEWS :—		Mr. Hugh Ronalds	821
An Ideal Factory	813	The Liberal Faith in America	818	MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES :—	
A Stained-Glass Window	814	Two Books on St. Paul	819	The Psychological Basis of Politics	821
A Brother on the Road	815	The Faith of an Average Man	819	NEWS OF THE CHURCHES	822
The Meaning of Christmas	816	Publications Received	819	NOTES AND JOTTINGS	822

**** All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.**

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Festival of Christmas, with its age-long associations of universal peace and good fellowship, will perhaps be celebrated this year with all the more gladness because we are so sadly in need of a renewal of hope and joy. The world is full of strife, unrest, and rumours of war, and even the most optimistic can scarcely fail to be slightly chilled by the grey clouds that are creeping up the horizon to menace the brightness of our prospects for some time to come. There seems to be all the more reason, therefore, why we should welcome Christmastide this year as a veritable truce of God, and seek, in observing its time-honoured traditions, to escape, if only temporarily, from the numbing effect engendered by a too vivid realisation of the troubles that lie ahead. Life's difficult problems will not be met with less courage—indeed, they will be solved more easily and bravely—if we pause for a short space to greet our friends, to think kindly of our enemies, to remember the sad and the lonely, to share the gaiety of the children, and dwell on that beautiful and compelling story of divine love and human redemption which has the birth at Bethlehem for its central fact.

* * *

It has been said that the thing which everyone is wanting is a new world, but perhaps it would be truer to say that the more urgent need is a new spirit—the spirit of sympathy and goodwill, of gentleness and simplicity, of love and forgiveness which was the supreme gift of Christ to mankind. We may legislate and organise as we will, but, if we have not this spirit, all our work, political or otherwise, will be unavailing, and we shall but build up houses of sand which the great life

forces will sweep away when the floods of human passion arise. The cult of egoism, the devotion to material aims, will not bring the kingdom of heaven any nearer, and it is as true now as it was in the time of Jesus that those who would help the world most cannot withdraw from the great renunciations. It is scarcely enough even to choose “gentle courtesies,” and “churlish ways forswear,” in the winning phraseology of Giacomone da Todi; we must be prepared for loneliness and sorrow, for misunderstandings and persecutions, for all the ardour of combat which may never end in a personal victory. To the peacemaker, as to the warrior, “life is a battle, even to the sunset”; but it is the mission of religion to arm us for that conflict, to give it a meaning worthy of our courage, to reveal the secret joy that lies behind pain and death.

* * *

THIS is the serious side of Christmas; the sunnier aspect of it is provided by “that race, mysterious, masterful, conservative, imaginative, passionately sincere,” which “has its way in spite of us”—the children. Mr. Arnold Bennett, from whose charming book, “The Feast of St. Friend,” these words are taken, reminds us, if indeed we were ever likely to forget it, that the spirits and rites of ancient Christmas are kept up in their full vigour and splendour by the little ones; and it is fitting that it should be so, for “unto us a child is born” constitutes the glad tidings of this happy time. It is, too, a feast of friendship, and we agree with Mr. Bennett that the Christmas card “sent by one human being to another human being is an inspiring and reassuring message of high value.” It symbolises the feeling of kinship, based on mutual love and confidence, which exists between those who already understand each other, and which must inevitably be extended to an ever-widening circle of people of different races and creeds, as the nations come into closer touch and realise how much they

are bound together by the common interests of humanity.

* * *

MR. FELIX MOSCHELES had some interesting things to say, when he was interviewed on Wednesday by a representative of the *Manchester Guardian* on his return from Italy, which might well form matter for earnest consideration on Peace Sunday. He explains that he went about studying the psychology of the Italian people at war, and the one thing that chiefly impressed him was the fact that, while there was some jubilation over the strictly censored accounts of victories, which help, of course, to strengthen the sense of national prestige and valour, it was difficult to find anybody who was not anxious that hostilities should cease. He thinks it would sober the minds of the people if they could have a few real reverses, and deepen the growing conviction of the democracy in all countries that nothing is gained by war. The great difficulty which confronts everybody who wishes to serve the cause of peace is the lack of union and concerted action amongst those who are opposed to the war, and their only idea at present seems to be that they should have little demonstrations in various places until they are strong enough to do bigger things. This brings home to us more clearly than ever the real need for the formation of a strong body of public opinion in favour of peace and arbitration, which shall supply the driving force essential to the realisation of a great and constructive ideal. Public opinion is, indeed, the one thing that matters, and everyone can help to educate the minds of those with whom they come in contact, even though they may not wield a powerful pen, or possess any political influence whatsoever. One begins to realise that those people are not far wrong who believe that the salvation of the world, in spite of Acts of Parliament and great schemes for social reform, must be brought about by the conversion to righteousness of individuals one by one.

MARY MAGDALENE.

At last, at last, the Bridegroom of my soul !
 O wild brief loves of those who loved the husk—
 Those seven stormy lovers with their eyes
 Burning like Doom—who prized the outer shell,
 The rapture of the flesh, the night-soft hair
 Which quench'd their fever'd thirst like midnight clouds
 That shed the sullen rain but veil the stars !
 O wild blind seeking love in my own soul,
 Longing that each false fire might prove the star
 That gleams above the manger-bed of Love !
 O drear satiety for them, for me !
 O feet that bled upon the desert rock !
 They passed upon their way, poor sons of men,
 To seek new husks that ne'er can feed the soul
 Of man of woman born, while I—I groped
 In thirst and darkness tenfold deep as theirs
 Because my star had mock'd, my well run dry.
 The light ineffable that bathed my youth
 Making the beauty of the flesh a sign,
 A wonder, and a symbol, like to that
 Which told sweet Mary hers should be the ark
 Enshrining Love upon the waters' waste—
 The world's dark storms of Sense—this light now flared
 Hideous as gallows-flame that guards a corpse,
 Striking my soul to dumbness with dismay.
 The well in the oasis, where the stars
 Mirror'd the purity of each fresh soul
 That ne'er had a beginning, but like them
 Rose from the hand of God, and set at last
 Close to His heart—ah God ! how I shrank back !
 'Twas full of dead men's bones and slimy shapes
 That slowly crawl'd unnamable.

But, now,

Now, now, at last, the Bridegroom of my soul !
 His eyes have pierced the outer husk and seen
 The Eastern star—my star—the well—my well—
 Pure mirror for the star that points the way
 To that strait simple manger-bed, where lies
 The Saviour-Child Who rests each woman's heart,
 Being a Child and being Perfect Love.
 And in His eyes the Child's clear truth is blent
 With depth on depth of love that loves my soul—
 My soul encased in this fair, curs'd flesh
 That cannot stay His glance from piercing deep
 To where it sits alone and weeps and wails
 Helpless as any babe. O look on me,
 My Brother, Husband, Saviour, Friend, and Lord !
 Thro' Thee alone I bear this bitter life.
 See ! o'er Thy feet I break this precious box
 Of ointment ; 'twas a gift from one who came
 To woo me out of Egypt ; it was made
 To sound of chanted spells by priestesses
 Upon the moon-swept banks of Nile. I dreamt
 (When first he gave it me) 'twould be a charm
 To keep our love for ever fresh and strong,
 Like spices that embalm man's mortal frame
 And make it deathless. Yet in twelve short moons
 He wearied of me, left me, and I wept,
 Hearing him mock—aye, mock—to whom I gave
 The love that inner chamber of the heart
 Hides with the Child to whom we women kneel.
 And bitterly I vow'd that love no more
 Should gain an entrance to the sanctuary

Not made with hands, within me. Yet—I rave !
 For never till this moment hath true Love
 Most holy-fair, most pure, majestic,
 Found its dear home within this lonely breast,
 Making it meet to hold the Saviour-Child.
 As thro' this alabaster box the sheen
 Of golden spices glimmer'd ere I broke
 And shed them o'er Thy treasured feet (O feet
 That trod the desert way to my dead heart
 Now raised, e'en like pale Lazarus, to life
 And midday splendour !) even so there gleam'd
 The dawning daybreak of Thy coming, thro'
 The streaks and veins of Sense this outer case—
 This heavy, sensual, alabaster flesh—
 Wraps round the soul.

These meshes of my hair,
 Whose scented dusk hath lured the feet of men
 To stumble in blind paths, shall wipe Thy feet,
 Each hair a prayer for pardon, and as soft
 As if Thy Mother knelt beside Thee now,
 Soothing Thy world-worn steps. O were each grain
 Of this rich ointment gold of Paradise
 How gladly would I spill it all for Thee—
 Ay, though it shut me ever from Thy sight
 In foul Gehenna. Master, did'st Thou say
 'Twas done beforehand for Thy burial ?
 Ah, true—as all Thy words ! Too well I see
 The brute, blind, Baal-legions of the world
 Hound Thee to death. How should'st Thou 'scape their
 wrath,

Thou pure, when I impure have felt their clutch
 Strangle each new-born holiness that sought
 To lift its blessed child-face in my soul ?
 Thy doom hangs stark before Thee—ah ! a Cross !
 (I veil my shuddering eyes) and tortured swoon
 When Thy last words of pardon and of love
 Have smote the world's gross ear. Yet I and she—
 Thy Mother—watch with Thee until the end,
 Bearing the dumb and dreadful stare of Time—
 Those hours whose minutes stab like sixty swords
 Piercing sweet Mary's heart and mine—ah, mine
 That loved Thee with a love that thought all lost
 Till in Thy glance I knew that all was found !
 Ah, Master, if this searching, bitter pain
 Of watching with Thee in Thine agony
 Be mine on earth, may it not be that I—
 Even I—at last may share Thy blessedness
 Upon the breast of God, and there find peace ?
 Thou could'st not rest while one of Thy poor sheep—
 Poor wandering sheep—went still astray, unsought,
 Uncomforted. Thou'lt gather in Thine arm
 The little lambs, and ah ! the mothers too—
 The poor, o'er-burden'd mothers, in whose souls
 Compact of love and watchfulness, each soul
 Of woman shares, though hers the joy or no
 Of clasping baby-fingers. So I wait
 With Thee through Dark to Dawn, till that white Rose
 Of Paradise unfold, its petals lit
 By God's great light, and at its heart behold
 My noble, happy sisters, Mary, Ruth
 And Beatrice. And at its edge—ah Lord !
 What if Thy love should set e'en me, e'en me ?

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

THE present year has been more full of excitement and angry controversy, and the threatenings of great dangers, than any we have known since the years of the Boer war. There has been much passionate anger among the parties in the State, and an aggravation of international suspicion and ill will, which has nearly led to a war, of which no one could describe the horror or foretell the result. Wild rumours, tumultuous wrath, bitter recriminations, violence and selfishness, have seemed as if they would bring confusion and disaster upon us, and would lead to the dread and devilish arbitrament of arms. And now there descends upon us for a moment the Christmas peace, the Truce of God. The spirit of Jesus speaks in our hearts amidst the storm, saying to us, "Peace, be still." "And, behold, there is a great calm." A spirit of kindness and sympathy, and desire for fellowship, are once more abroad. We are more inclined to think well of our neighbours, to believe in their good intentions, to forget hard words, to seek the things that make for peace and unity. It is an amazing and a wonderful influence for good which comes over the world almost unconsciously, almost without effort, at Christmas time. There is nothing calculated or reasoned out in it. Men do not say to themselves, Go to; we will rest and enjoy ourselves for a little time, and drop all these troublesome controversies. Christmas rejoicing is not the result of a mere weariness of worry; it is not the thoughtless merriment of those who are for the moment sated with anger and greed. It is essentially positive, not negative; it is not the drowsing of tired hate, but the awakening of eager love. Neither is it a kind of death-bed repentance due to the fact that we may not have the strength and energy again to engage in the old quarrels, and carry them to a successful conclusion. It is not the enforced peace of impotence, which we accept sadly because we cannot help it.

FROUDE tells the story of a Devonshire farmer who fell ill of typhus. His clergyman urged him to make up his quarrel with a neighbour before dying. He agreed; the man came to the sick bed and they were reconciled. As he was going away the sick farmer called him back to his bedside. "Mind you," he said, "if so be as I gets over this here, 'tis to be as 'twas." We recognise, of course, that a death-bed reconciliation on these terms is no real reconciliation at all. It is to be feared that behind much of the Christmas joy and peace, and rest from controversy, there is often something of the same spirit. When I get over this, when this season of kindly sentiment is past, "'tis to be as 'twas." We should like to point out that so far as this underlying protest or reser-

vation is present in the mind, so far the Christmas spirit is unreal and false. To keep Christmas truly is to love unreservedly and freely. It is "joy in widest commonalty spread." It is the spirit of fellowship, an inward peace with all the world, a childlike confidence in the goodness of life, the goodness of death. Our resentments, if only locked away out of sight in order not to disturb the momentary merriment, are skeletons in the cupboard which spoil the feast and haunt us with their unseen presence throughout our festival. We keep Christmas in spirit and in truth when it is not merely a pause in the strife, but when there is a love and joy and longing for peace in our hearts, which, we are determined, so far as possible, shall be carried on into the days before us, and shall permeate all our civic and international relationships. To feel the Spirit of the Prince of Peace, to rejoice in his life and in his Gospel, is not merely to desire Unity, but to believe in the possibility of Unity, and to have that within our hearts which makes for Unity. It helps us to be less inclined to dwell on the mistakes and shortcomings of others, less impatient, less stern and unreceptive. The Spirit of Christmas is the spirit which becomes as that of children, feeling the nearness and reality of the unseen world, loving and believing in love, forgetting wrongs, rejoicing in the goodness of men. It is the festival of Home, because that is the true spirit of the Home; and it believes that this spirit must not be confined to the Home, but must carry its messages of peace and pity and love into all the troubled, weary, sorrowful world.

All who keep Christmas truly will not merely rejoice in the quiet and beauty of the time, but will go forth into the New Year with a stronger hope and with a fuller power, working with a new and higher energy for peace on earth and good-will among men.

H. G.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

AN IDEAL FACTORY.

To make factory life beautiful, to animate a multitude of operatives with a spirit of contentment and pride in their labour, to compel an exacting industry to glow with social enthusiasm, and to stimulate life far and wide in its intellectual and artistic aspects, is certainly the inversion of our industrial system in general. Nevertheless, the pioneers of industrial reform have already done enough in this country to set Hope in the seat of Despair. We propose to recall a convincing illustration that such an ideal has not proved to be beyond the compass of realisation in Germany.

To every student of science the name of Zeiss is a household word. In these days of bacteriology the Zeiss lens is the key

to the realm of the infinitely small. In the year 1846 Carl Zeiss, at the age of thirty, set up a small business as scientific instrument-maker to the University of Jena. Hitherto a microscope had always been made by rule of thumb, and it is to be remarked that the exquisite touch of the German craftsman is still the despair of his English *confrère*. But Carl Zeiss and his future colleague, Abbe, initiated a new era when they conceived the possibility of making its construction subservient in every detail to the most rigorous mathematical computation. This became the working principle of the firm, which thus won for itself the premier position amongst the world's optical instrument makers. The ensuing thirty years is the story of a steadily growing and deservedly successful business, but when Ernst Abbe, Professor of Physics in the University of Jena, joined the firm, eventually, after Carl Zeiss's death, assuming entire control, he brought to its development force of a new kind. A man of high culture and chivalrous nature, he realised that a great opportunity lay before him to elaborate a scheme for the elevation of the men in the works. He discerned the decrepitude of the State whose subjects are exploited for the production of wealth without regard to their rights as fellow-citizens. The status, the welfare of the workman must be set upon a legally assured footing equally with that of his capitalist employers. Benevolent institutions and palliatives, however estimable in their way, Abbe regarded "purely as a decoration when viewed from a broader social aspect." Benevolence is too often a specious disguise of inequitable conditions. "As matters now stand," said he, "it is better that the walls of the edifice of public economy should be bare and in full view of everybody, so that one may see the materials of which it is built. Plaster and ornate mouldings will only serve to hide that which is behind." For his own part he resisted the temptation to satisfy his sense of philanthropy with even the most munificent patronage, and "renouncing his claim to a vast fortune, transferred it, stripped of all personal ownership" to a foundation of common rights embodied in the famous *Statute of the Stiftung*.*

A few illustrations out of many will suffice to show how far Abbe's aims to endow every man employed in the works with a valid title to a variety of benefits arising from the business, has been realised.

To begin with, every appointment, high or low, must be without prejudice as to parentage, religious or political views. Every employee is to hold himself free to discharge all duties to which he is called by the State or the municipality without loss of wages.

The working day was reduced to eight hours, the men undertaking to accomplish in that time as much as they had done before in nine hours or upwards. Liberal arrangements are made for holidays for all grades without loss of pay. Most of the hands work by the piece, wages are liberal, and at the end of the financial year every member of the staff, with the exception of

* *Stiftung* is the term employed in Germany in reference to the legal contract which ensures the public, or certain individuals, in the permanent enjoyment of benefits conferred.

the managers, is entitled to a bonus which takes the form of a percentage upon the annual income or earnings, subject to the net proceeds of the year's business and the condition of the labour market. The average earnings, including bonus, of mechanics, labourers and servants of all kinds amount to about £100 a year! But the glory of Abbe's system lies less in riches than in equity and humanity. There is one provision of the Stiftung which, more perhaps than any other, gives proof of the vigilant determination of its creator to err, if at all, on the side of fair-play, namely, the principle of "Compensation for Dismissal." Abbe denounced as scandalous a system which attracted multitudes of workers into manufacturing centres during prosperous times to turn them adrift again upon their own resources as soon as business declined. He set himself within his own sphere to repress this evil. It might be supposed that the Zeiss factories, which have grown from the workshop of a single mechanic until, together with the associated glass-works of Schott & Co. they now employ nearly 4,000 hands, are occupied with a business which is not only very profitable, but is also free from the fluctuations which are so harassing in many lines of trade. But this is not the case. While growth has been both remarkable and on the whole continuous, it has not been without frequent and considerable fluctuation in the number of workmen required in certain departments. So that the problem was a serious one in this case.

Abbe's method of meeting it was as follows:—First, he made special arrangements for facilitating the transplantation of operatives from one scene of work to another when the ratio of employment in different departments varied from outside circumstances. Next he provided that "in the event of the dismissal of an employee whose engagement is terminable by notice and who has been in the employment of the firm more than six months and less than three years, the pay of such employee shall continue for a period equal to one-sixth of the time during which he has been in the employ of the firm." This regulation of course applies only to cases where dismissal is not due to the workman's own fault. Men who have worked for the firm for a period of from three to five years and who then have to be discharged are entitled to full wages for a period of six months. Moreover, the firm cannot defend itself from this payment by alleging incompetency as a reason for dismissal of an employee of from three to five years standing. The conclusion is obvious. If incompetent he ought not to have been retained in service so long. The firm assumes the consequences. By service of five years an employee at the Zeiss works is entitled to a pension. Supposing the labour of such a man should be no longer required his pension becomes imperilled; but, on the other hand, his compensation for dismissal becomes so substantially increased that it is to the interest of the firm to avoid such dismissals whenever possible. Hence additional security against unemployment. Nevertheless, as many as 60 to 70 hands have been discharged in one year, when over £1,400 was paid by way of compensation. As Abbe held, the arbitrary authority of masters to discharge

at will leads to monstrous abuse of power of the weaker party. "To any but a mind imbued with plutocratic principles it must appear as an obvious duty in all cases of this kind to provide an appropriate compensation for the collapse of the expectation which the employee was led to entertain and for the loss of opportunities which he might have embraced in the meantime, but which in the supposed security of his position he has allowed to pass by." Moreover, it is a social advantage to diminish unemployment and to place the unemployed, therefore, in the best position to regain work.

Of course the system embraces insurance against sickness and old age, and a workman who has had to leave his post for two or three years' service in the army may, on his return, claim to be reinstated or compensated if no work can be found for him.

A Workmen's Committee, which "may not be refused a hearing by the managers" on any matters of business affecting their interests, meets weekly to hear and discuss points at issue. And so far is the firm from offering a cold shoulder to practical suggestions of improvement made by members of the staff, that these are cordially invited, and such ideas as are found worthy of adoption are rewarded by a premium. So it comes about that 60 or 70 suggestions are submitted for approval annually.

Every conceivable aid to health and good workmanship is devised, including baths and free medical and dental attendance. Aerated water, lemonade and milk are provided by the firm at cost price, but the consumption of alcoholic beverages during working hours is prohibited. Should a young apprentice from a poor home be not earning enough to satisfy his appetite he is subsidised towards the cost of a good midday meal, and, in common with all the staff, he has two hours instead of one in which to digest it.

It might reasonably be anticipated that the Zeiss Company would have built a garden village for the accommodation of their workpeople. They have not, nor are they ever likely to. The same high motive which has led the firm to renounce any power of veto on the Sick Fund has prompted them to refrain from erecting houses. Experience has proved that in times of dispute the tenants of such houses are placed in an invidious position and cannot enjoy a sense of complete independence. Such restraint and consequent servility would prejudice the development of that very integrity of citizenship which it was Abbe's ardent ambition to promote. Nevertheless, since good citizens need good homes, the Zeiss Works give substantial support to the Jena Co-operative Building Society, through the assistance of which over a hundred employees have acquired cottages with gardens attached.

Much more is done to encourage loyal and social feelings. There is a Savings Bank paying 5 per cent. interest on deposits; a loan department and co-operative society with 600 shareholders; Arts and Crafts Schools which the young artisans and apprentices have to attend, their fees being paid. Football is encouraged. The Zeiss Men's Choir is one of the best in Jena. In the summer the boys are taken for a three days' tour through the Thür-

ingen forest or Rhöngebirge. On the occasion of the wedding of one of the men the firm gives a present in the form of three days holiday with pay, or more in the case of an old servant. Last year no less than twenty-four fortunate bridegrooms received this generous donation.

Such is a rough sketch of a great modern industry conducted on noble principles of justice and humanity; not for the sordid purpose of grinding the means of luxury out of the hands and hearts of the poor, but to feed science, to stimulate progress, to develop citizenship, to add to the sense of human happiness, and to build up fine character. This is what business meant to Ernst Abbe and his willing colleagues.

Moreover, his enthusiasm for humanity carried him further. His last great work was the erection of the "Volkshaus," or People's House, a splendid and capacious institution in the heart of the town open to all mankind. It comprises public reading rooms, library and literary museum, the Schaeffer Museum of Popular and Technical Physics, the Granducal School of Arts and Crafts, a large assembly hall with organ, an Art collection and many other minor departments. The public of Jena value this building at its true worth and make full use of it. Lecture courses, concerts, and dramatic performances take place frequently within its walls.

However great may be the prosperity of the Zeiss Works all profits which exceed a certain limit must by the articles of agreement be spent in the promotion of science at the University or in support of some other channel of public welfare.

Abbe died some five years ago. A memorial building to him has been erected on an open space opposite the Carl Zeiss Works and the "Volkshaus." He was a social reformer of the highest type. Doubtless he dreamed dreams in advance of his own day which kept his soul's blood warm and pure; but the efficiency of his service to humanity lay in the fact that he was a man of the times, scientist, capitalist, and great industrial manager, actuated by the most unselfish motives, liberal and far-sighted in thought, fertile in resource, at once diplomatic and determined in action.

The plateau above the city is the scene of ancient valour and national tragedy, of old unhappy times slowly fading into the dim past. To-day, in the valley, the great battle of toil goes on, and there is an army pressing to victory, winning the best fruits of civilisation and of peace, directed by the spirit of a lofty personality.

H. M. LIVENS.

A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.

From a sermon by Dr. Robert Collyer, entitled "Where the Light Dwelleth."

THE morn was raw and cold,
With misty rain. Behold,
Looming above, in heavy outline dim,
The minster, old and gray. No chant or hymn
I heard, and all within was dark. And dull
The window showed; of tangled lines as full
As tapestry reversed. No meaning there
Could I discern; but in the framework near

Some carven stone I saw,
And stood—in reverent awe.
Such exquisite design! so finely wrought!
I marked each perfect curve: then, full of
thought,
Passed through the open door.

And all was changed. The window now
was seen
Transformed with noble beauty. Light
serene
Shone from behind, revealed the whole
intent:
Revealed the artist's skill, and all he
meant.
But yet, the morning mists pervaded all,
And heavy shadows lingered on the wall.
And so I went away.

At noonday I returned: and from the
street
The window still seemed crude and in-
complete.
Though brilliant sun poured purest rays
around,
All blurred the figures were, on murky
ground.
Again I entered at the sacred door,
And long I gazed! What was transformed
before
Was now transfigured in a wealth of light.
Angels, apostles, saints in glory bright,
Beamed from that window with a heavenly
grace,
And filled with mystic peace the hallowed
place.

I thought how oft the mind of man
Is saddened, when he tries to scan
Life's meaning: and because he views
All from without, its varying hues
Are vague, and blurred, and dim
With shadows, dark and grim.
But when towards the sun he turns
A heaven of beauty he discerns.
Then, all is changed to clear design,
Wrought by the Master-hand Divine;
And pain, and grief, and lone distress
Appear as angels sent to bless.
Through sorrow's cloud he sees the blue,
And Faith and Love his strength renew.
He trusts in God: and hopes, at last,
To face the Light, when Death is past.

H. J. D.

The writer of this poem sent it to Dr. Collyer, from whom she received the following charming and characteristic letter in reply:—

DEAR LASSIE,—For that you are. I want to tell you what a little maid in our home used to ask for “a *truly* story.” Nine years ago I preached the sermon of “Where the Light Dwelleth,” and then laid it away with a heap more. Some days ago our minister said: Will you take the sermon on Sunday? I am so tired. And I said I will. Then I wondered what sermon I would take, and thought that would be a safe one to preach after nine years: preached it yester morning, came home feeling I had don “no that bad,” as the Scotch say; came into my den where the morning mail lay, opened the first that touched my hand, this from you; read your sweet message and poem, and that's my “*truly* story.” My son and his wife read both, and were glad as I am over the wonder of coincidence and the song of the cathedral

window, and for this we three thank you, with no doubt more to come, for we shall tell the truly story.

If ever you come to our city, our whereabouts is at the foot of this script. I wish Manchester was just over the Hudson, I would run over to see you this week. Manchester does not seem so smoke-stricken as it did two years ago last summer, when we waited for a train to Chester—it must be your letter. New York is full of soft sunshine as I write, and I guess I will go to Central Park, where I have not been to welcome my Lady of the blossoms. There is one seat I love to take and hold. With my benediction.—Indeed yours,

ROBERT COLLYER.

201, West 55th Street,
New York, May 10, 1909.

A BROTHER ON THE ROAD.

SLOWLY the daylight was dying; above the wooded hills the orange that tinted the western sky was deepening to gold.

The elms by the roadside and an old stone wall were lit as by fire. A bat flew to and fro, and softly, one by one, the moths came out to flutter over the primroses and white wild garlic flowers that grew on the banks beneath the hedges. We followed a road that wound through a valley; on either hand meadows swept up to beech woods that looked soft and dark, like velvet, in the fading light.

We were in the heart of the Home Land, and that tenderness, filled with the subtle associations that hallow the evening, lay like a benediction over the fields and woods, and over our own spirits. We passed thatched cottages where women leaned over garden gates, and where the air was sweet, beyond measure, with the perfume of many wall-flowers.

Absorbing the peace of things, hushed by the all-prevailing stillness, both of us were in that half melancholy yet wholly happy mood that steals into a man's soul when a beautiful day is drawing to its close.

At the cross-roads, where an old wooden sign-post stood by a heap of half-broken stones, we halted to consider which direction we should follow, when we heard unsteady steps approaching.

A man was walking in the shadow of the hedge. He swayed a little as he walked. We remembered that yesterday had been a bank holiday.

We saw him go to the pile of stones and stoop as though he were looking for something. We walked on, but soon we heard the irregular scrunch of heavy boots following us. Neither my friend nor I were anxious to be interviewed by this person, who probably thought that we might provide him with money for more beer, so we hurried on.

The steps behind us quickened, and soon he overtook us. He was a middle-sized man, wearing corduroy trousers, a black leather waistbelt, a blue cotton shirt, an old green coat that had once been black, and a grey and red scarf twisted untidily round a sun-burnt neck.

His face told us very little except that

he had lived much in the open air, endured many hardships, and had recently been on the spree. He was sucking a dirty clay pipe, but it was not lit.

“Will one o' you young gents oblige with a match?” he asked. We felt in our pockets, but, unfortunately, neither of us could find one.

Very slowly, and with a resigned air, he put his pipe into his pocket, but continued to walk with us.

“I doesn't 'old with smokin' nor drinkin', specially drinkin'. It's no good to any bloke, see?”

“Why do you do it then?”

He did not answer this question, but drew from his pocket a small file.

“See this 'ere? I've walked four miles for she. She cost me eightpence, she did; a good file she is, see? Some I pays twopence for, some freepence; this one cost eightpence, see? I'm glad I found 'er; wonder she wer'n't pinched. I left 'er by that 'eap o' stones, see? Wonder the kids didn't nip 'er. I'm glad I walked back an' found 'er; cost me eightpence, see? I gets my livin' walkin' from village ter village, from farm ter farm, sharpenin' saws an' such, see? I don't do so bad, not considerin', I don't. Some day I gets two an' a tanner, other days a bob, or only 'levenpence-a'penny; pays fer me night's lodgin's, but lodgin' 'ouses is various an' strange, 'ordin' to the town or country you'm workin', see? This doss where I'm a-goin' to is a bit of all right, quiet an' not too full. But the lodgin' 'ouses in Wales is bad. They oughten' ter 'low drink, not in lodgin' 'ouses; blokes gets tight an' quarrels, then the plates an' tea-pots goes whizzin' around, see? Some o' them is crowded, too; you can't get nigh the fire to dry your wet socks or toast a slice o' tommie (bread), see?”

“A 'owling wilderness they is sometimes, where they allows drink. I likes this yer country, them there mount'ins with the woods on the top”—he pointed to the dark hills—“an' the sky behind an' all. Yus! I likes this yer country. North Wales, too, is a bit of all right. Know it? Great 'igh mount'ins an' rocks. There's some pretty country up in Derbyshire, an' that's a wonderful place fer stone, but the stones 'ereabouts is good an' 'ard; feel the gravel.” He scraped his nailed boots on the road.

“You comes from Bristol? I knows Bristol; sold toy crocodiles in College Green once. But I likes the road an' the open country better nor the towns. I wonders more people don't come 'ere from Bristol 'stead o' goin' ter Weston. Bristol's all right, but they ought ter monopolize the trams, see?”

“Municipalise,” my friend suggested.

“I mean wot I says—well, make the trams belong ter the bloomin' city. I knows wot I'm talkin' about, see?”

“I'm glad I found my file, it's a good 'ard file. I tells you it's a bloomin' good, bloomin' 'ard file, an' don't yer forget it neither. The saws hereabouts is like glass, an' if yer files aren't 'ard, the saws scrapes 'em all ter pieces, see?” He took his file from his pocket and looked at it lovingly.

“She's got a touch o' rust on 'er frough bein' out all night, poor soul! I went on

the booze yesterday, worse luck, with Two-fingered Dick, 'im wot the dog bit. Know 'im? 'E's a queer cove. An' I forgets ter fetch this yer good file—she cost me eightpence, she did, an' I've walked four miles out an' four miles back for 'er. One penny the mile, an' its 'illy 'ere, but I'm glad I've found 'er, see?"

We trudged on in silence for a few minutes, then he began again.

"That there king wot's dead was a good bloke, eh? A very good bloke, I should say. I've read about 'im in the *Weekly Dispatch* an' the *News o' the World*. It will be a fine sight in Lunnnon, Thursday, a very fine sight I should say. I should like to be there. All they kings an' gran' toffs on their fine white 'osses, an' the soldiers, an' the bands an' all. Yus, I should like ter be there.

"That's Wotton yonder, where you sees the lights. You can cut down that path if yer likes, that will take yer out to the post hoffice in the 'igh street. But 'tis best ter foller the telegram poles down the 'ill. When you are on the tramp an' yer don't know the country, allus foller the telegram poles an' yer can't go far wrong, see? I'll come so far with you. As for this file she's a good file an'——"

"What sort of a place is Wotton?"

"Oh, Wotton's a good place for women, so's Coventry. They make straw 'ats at Wotton, an' there's plenty o' work for 'em in Coventry. Yus, I seed some very tidy little wenches in Wotton, very tidy, but there's a wench in Coventry wot I knowed last summer that——"

"Was that an owl?" I asked.

"Yus, there's plenty o' howls in that there wood; wonderful place for birds all 'ereabouts. I likes birds; it's a blooming shame to kill 'em, I reckon. 'Im wot made you an' me made them, eh! An' the great king wot's now dead, 'im too."

Out of the dusky dark we heard the ringing of bicycle bells and the voices of women and men talking.

They were wheeling their machines up the hill, and the rays from their lamps threw large circles across the white road and lit the brown face of our companion. They looked at us curiously and with little sympathy and passed on. One of them, however, obliged us with some matches, and we lit up.

Our tramp, the flame of the struck match gleaming red through his curved fingers, watched them up the road, while he took short, quick puffs at his clay.

By this time the darkness lay softly over the hills and woods, and athwart the valley, where through the mist solitary lights twinkled from cottage windows. Above, from the deep blue dome of Heaven, myriads of stars peered at us between white packs of drifting cloud. All was still, save the wind humming through the telegraph wires, the cry of some night bird, and far, very far away, the low mutter of a passing train.

We pulled at our pipes and walked on. We had no need to speak for the tobacco was good.

So I thought of what our companion, who was part animal, part poet, part child, and very much a man, had said about the great dead king, and himself, and ourselves, and the birds. In the quiet of the peaceful night, among the

hills, it seemed easy and good to believe that there was a divine fellowship in all things, and that the small moths that fluttered across the road, and the great stars that circled high above us, were controlled by a law, and a love common to all created things.

As for the man who tramped with us, whether he was good or bad I did not know; I do not think I cared. He was just a brother on the road, travelling from town to town, with no abiding resting-place, taking the rough with the smooth; a wanderer and a wayfarer, like ourselves. Very humanly pleased because he had found a file; very humanly troubled because he had been drunk the day before; and yet, alas! quite likely, should circumstances tempt him, to be drunk again to-morrow.

He had been thinking too, for, sweeping his arm before him, he suddenly broke in—"You young gents wot sleeps warm an' comfortable in yer 'appy 'omes don't know nothink about all this, you don't. You've got ter live out all weathers, an' all hours, same as I 'ave, see? Shiver beneath a bloomin' 'edge in the rain, lie out all night beneath they stars. Then you will know wot the wind sings about, an' whether the day's goin' ter be wet or dry, see?"

"An' yer don't know nothink about men nor women neither, you don't, baggin' yer pardon. You reads in books, an' learns things in yer schools, but wot do yer know? Strewth! sleep in a doss 'ouse an' see 'em in the raw an' the rough, same as I 'ave, then yer will know to yer everlastin' sorrow an' yer joy.

"I never could settle down to nothink reg'lar, I couldn't, worse luck! I just wanders from town ter town sharpenin' saws, I do. I got a wife somewheres. She took to the drink. I don't know where she is, an' I don't care. I got a brother a sargent in the harmy—'e's all right. An' a poor little kid wot's dead. But I ar'n't got no 'ome nor never likely to 'ave. I've just got my legs, an' some files, see? An' yet it aren't so dusty neither on the road, in the spring an' summer, when the birds is singin' an' the sun's warm an' all. I likes it well enough. I'd sooner be myself than one o' you young gents, a'ter all. I got my freedom, see? 'Ere's the town."

We passed some cottages, and then we came to a large house that a signboard creaking in the wind and the glow of a lamp through a red window blind proclaimed to be an inn. Our companion stopped. "Now," he said, "I will trouble one o' you young toffs for the price of a pint to drink yer health, see? Straight on to the town, yer can't miss it."

We entered the sleepy high street, where the lights flickered dimly from the shop windows, just as the bells from an ancient church tower chimed ten.

"Well," my friend said, "I understand now."

"What do you understand?" I asked.

"I understand why excellent, well-meaning people so seldom get hold of men like that to help them or do them any real good. They don't know anything about the 'raw and the rough.'"

I have thought the matter over since and I believe that he is right.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

THE meaning came to me as I trod a familiar country road a few evenings ago. The night was still, affording a grateful contrast to the wind and the rain of the last few days, and through spaces between the trees, which overarched the road for the first portion of my way, I caught sight of the stars. But now I am in the open, the whole vault of heaven breaks upon my gaze, and, being alone though not lonely, there is nothing to prevent my losing myself in the spectacle. What a contrast between the darkness that broods o'er the earth and the dazzling brilliancy that reigns in the heavens! To the north the Great Bear stretches itself out over an immense space, while the east which I am facing is full of confused clusters of stars. I pick out the Pleiades near the zenith and close to them a brilliant star nearly blood-red whose name I know not. Lower down it is easy to detect the Compasses, while just above the horizon there are three bright stars in a line which form part of the giant's belt in the constellation of Orion. But for me they always suggest something else, namely one side of a Maltese Cross, the outlines of which will be clearly seen when Orion has risen fairly to view. It is a long time since I saw the much-talked-of Southern Cross, but this cross in Orion has always appealed to me as a grander spectacle. How few, however, are the stars one recognises compared with the countless host before me. The longer the gaze is fixed upon the vision, the more one's being is absorbed into it, the senses are lifted up above the world's plane of experience, and the spirit feels a joy which no earthly spectacle can give.

Suddenly the stars pale, though the night is deepening. I guess the reason, and look a little northward for the explanation. A small cloud has put on rosy hues and a light like the dawn is on the horizon. The late moon is rising. As the light strengthens, the dark forms of the trees on a little eminence, one of them a cedar, stand clearly out. I can almost imagine I see a sacred form wandering beneath them. It only required this soft light suffusing the surface of the earth to complete the beauty of the spectacle.

As I mused upon the scene the meaning of the Christmas time so near at hand seemed to grow clear to me. We are losing some of our finer susceptibilities amid the glamour of city life. But primitive man, to whom the sunlight meant so much, what must he have felt as the days shortened during the fall of the year; as the earth was swept bare of her garments; and the nights grew long and cold? With what apprehension must he have beheld the circuit of the sun grow smaller and smaller! Would the process never end? In the final issue would the darkness and cold reign supreme and life die out? If so, what would become of him? Then how hope would rise when the waning process was arrested and grew into joyful assurance as the days slowly lengthened. When this became an annual experience what more natural than that the turn of the seasons should become a time of festivity to break the monotony of the winter?

Then to the thoughtful of the race the nightly procession of the stars in climes more serene than ours must ever have been a source of wonder. The emotions thus called forth were not of earth, they betokened an element in man of another order. The points of light that dazzle the eyes could easily be transformed by the imaginative into celestial beings, and the elevation of the soul into strains of heavenly music. Was man there

"When the morning stars sang together
And all the sons of God shouted for joy"?

Yes, he was there. For the stars did not sing until man had projected his soul into them, and when he found his soul he became a son of God.

But the child-like mind is always objective and incarnation was regarded as a process from without. The light must incarnate itself in the earth or there could be no fertility. God must incarnate Himself in man or there could be no heavenly vision, no promise of a future life.

The shepherds, the leaders of the flocks, the patriarchs of the people are the proper recipients of the messages, and the divine child is born in a manger, for man is first an animal and only rises out of that condition as a higher destiny becomes clear to him.

Thus apart from all historical associations, whether founded on fact or not, the season of Christmas makes a universal appeal based on the very nature of man. As a child of earth the return of the sun is a necessity to him, as a son of God the discovery of his soul is an event of the most profound significance. E. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE AND ITS NEED OF STUDENTS.

SIR,—Referring to your report of the Manchester College London meeting, and editorial remarks thereanent, may I, as a recent student of the College, offer one or two practical suggestions for attracting students to it? The reason why they do not come in greater numbers may be no farther to seek than in the Prospectus. Unless Manchester College is sufficiently different from other theological schools, why go to Manchester College? To one reading its prospectus its freedom is not nowadays so *very* much greater than that at others, while in some respects it is less. It should be made clear in the prospectus what subjects are compulsory and what are not—that, for example, Hebrew is not compulsory. Post-graduates should not be treated as boys; and if a man is capable of choosing his calling and college, and other things implied in becoming a student

of Manchester College (such as postponement of marriage), he may fairly choose his studies to his purpose, as at all Universities, and as he has already done at his own University, so that at the beginning of his course his college certificate could bear the studies in which he passed. As to the work on the Old and New Testaments, at any rate that part of it which is compulsory ought not to be so minute as at present. To taste a leg of mutton it is not necessary to eat more than comparatively a little of it—a little of it is typical of the rest—and this applies to the methods of textual criticism. A superstitious verbal inspiration of the Bible is implied in *all* academic theological study of it up to the present day, inasmuch as the textual study of it is evidently thought to produce religion. I appeal with knowledge and the fullest confidence to the actual experience of recent students against this.

Manchester College has only semi-consciously undertaken a task the greatness of which may well prove too great for its resources. It is not realised how great is the revolution from orthodoxy, *e.g.*, from the Bible being the sole repository of religion, and of texts and subjects for sermons. As Mr. Jacks hinted, and as another has said, "the age walks visibly pregnant" with a new religion, or, at any rate, a rebirth; and I shall presently find myself, as I am already to a considerable degree, a conservative. If Manchester College is not to be outstripped in progress by other colleges for the preparation for the ministry it must stretch farther to meet the new rapidly developing demands. I personally am opposed on religious pragmatic grounds to the "extended lectionary," as the phrase goes, but King's Weigh House has it. The additions to the new theological curriculum will be greater importance given to *constructed* (as my friend Mr. King ably put it in a letter to yourself) teaching, and to elocution; architecture, art and music, with special reference to the church; and literature, studied for its intrinsic literary worth (and not only as attempts to solve doubtful textual and historical problems), including liturgical literature. Although every minister should know something of natural science, I concede science—although Scotch theological colleges have had it for long, and witness Henry Drummond!

I speak not as a minority of one, but as voicing views I have heard as far north as Aberdeen, and representing persons actually repelled from Manchester College by the things I have hinted at. And I speak as representing views of students of the College. It is a great pity the College authorities (with few exceptions) do not canvass their actual student constituency to find out what they really want, if they really want students—and then *carry out* reforms. That a synthesis of view is forthcoming I have myself proved. President, secretaries and staff take it upon them to speak for the students views which are grotesquely at variance with the actual views of recent students.

Those who know me will, I feel sure, know that I write thus for good reasons. The high standard at Manchester College has been set by its promoters, and has induced some students to endure for its

great benefits things which taxed their patience not a little.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT F. RATTRAY,
Senior Student, 1910-11.

P. S.—May I crave indulgence if I offend any by the above, as I have to write this in some haste.

Kiel, Germany, Dec. 20, 1911.

SIR,—One of the objects of the meeting of the 8th inst. reported in your last issue, was there stated to be to enlist the sympathy and awaken the interest of young men or women who were desirous of entering the ministry, and regret, in which we cannot but all join, was expressed that so few entered as regular students. The Rev. L. P. Jacks stated at length his opinion of the reason for this, which, as he said, lay very deep. But surely there is another reason and one which does not lie deep, and that is the inadequacy of the stipends which congregations can usually offer. So that, as a matter of mere prudence, many a young man may be deterred from committing himself to this vocation, however much disposed and qualified; and his family advisers would shrink from the responsibility of pressing him. This cause seems to have been quite ignored at the meeting, but it certainly should be faced. The few men who do go through the College into the ministry from year to year do, as far as I have had opportunity of observing, great credit to the College and to themselves, and have proved valuable additions to the ministerial roll. Indeed, as things are, we cannot but recognise the devotion which prompts them, and trust that many more such men may receive the like inspiration. At the same time, the importance should be realised of improving the stipends and making them more fit for workers so well qualified and so devoted. In these days learning and culture in the minister are more appreciated by the humbler members of our congregations than was the case before.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE J. NOTCUTT.
Ipswich, December 18, 1911.

"REGNI EVANGELIUM."

SIR,—This book, now out of print, was published by the Rev. E. P. Barrow when he resigned his living of Cholderton in 1892, the year before he entered upon his ministry at Cross-street Chapel, Manchester. Unfortunately the copy belonging to the chapel library is missing, and I shall be grateful if you will allow me through your columns to ask whether any of your readers in possession of a copy will very kindly present it to the Cross-street library, where it will be greatly valued.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY COX,
Secretary of the Cross-street L.C.S.
Manchester, Dec. 15, 1911.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE LIBERAL FAITH IN AMERICA.

Heralds of a Liberal Faith. Edited, with an Introduction, by Samuel A. Eliot. Three vols. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

It is well that materials for the history of any part of the liberal religious movement in America should have been put together under so competent an editor as Dr. Samuel Eliot, and we heartily join with his friends in the United States in according to him our warmest thanks. The three large volumes before us do not deal with American Liberalism as a whole, but confine their outlook to the limit of the Unitarian fellowship, for, although the movement at its outset did not trouble about the Trinity, it had, perforce, to face this controversy before it had proceeded far on its way. The method of treatment is entirely biographic. Three hundred memorial sketches of ministers cover the period from 1750 to 1900. Of these eighty-one are derived from Sprague's "Annals of the Unitarian Pulpit" (1864), twenty-three from Sprague's "Notes," and the remainder from more recent sources. The classification is a simple one. The first volume, entitled "Prophets," covers the "Period of Protest," from 1750 to 1825; the second, "Pioneers," comprises the "Period of Controversy," from 1825 to 1865; the third, "Preachers," takes in the "Period of Spiritual Affirmation and Church Extension," from 1865 to 1900.

The editor has had no desire to compile a convenient Dictionary of Unitarian Biography, but he will, perhaps, not be surprised if it is put to this use. Although we can honestly avouch that we have read through every page from first to last, the task has occupied many weeks of scarce leisure moments; hence the lateness of this notice. But the strong probability remains that the volumes will be used as a reliable, and very readable, work of reference. The separate memoirs, as one might expect, are of varying merit. Those based on Sprague are inclined to be a little bald; accurate in fact, valuable in information, but not always succeeding in depicting the real man. This criticism does not apply, of course, to certain picturesque figures whose originality is too striking, or whose personality is too strong, to be either mistaken or hidden; nor yet to the signed monographs in the third volume which, with hardly an exception, are living cameo portraits which speak and will be permanent.

Three fine old figures form the van in this long, brave march of Liberalism—Ebeneser Gay, of Hingham, a born leader of men; Charles Chauncy, of the First Church, Boston, a great scholar and divine; Jonathan Mayhew, of the West Church, Boston, preacher, orator, reformer, writer, bold champion of liberty and free inquiry. Each has been claimed in turn as the first American Unitarian, and we do not discuss the question; but we wish that English readers could have looked into their strong, speaking faces through interpreting, personalising portraits—a remark which applies to the whole three volumes. Chauncy and May-

hew we remember thus to have seen in Boston with their wigs and bands and Puritan expressions, and many of us would have been more than pleased, if, even at increase of cost, we could have had counterfeit presentments, which we know to exist, of these Heralds of Faith in the flesh.

We can only draw attention to, here and there, a name in this long and interesting succession: "Father West," of New Bedford, odd and absent-minded, of whom some good anecdotes are told; Joseph Priestley, of Northumberland, whose exiled years are touchingly described by one of his neighbours; John Lathrop, patriot and patriarch; Jeremy Belknap, founder of the Massachusetts Historical Society, author of the famous Belknap, and compiler of a catholic hymn book; John Eliot, student of church history and editor of a biographical dictionary; Zedekiah Sanger, mathematician and classical scholar, who always appeared on the Sabbath in three-cornered hat, small clothes, silk stockings, and buckled shoes; John Prince, of scientific pursuits, but questionably claimed, we think, as the inventor of the air-pump; William Bentley, the eccentric "New England Pepys," who left fifty manuscript volumes of voluminous diaries, wrote three thousand three hundred sermons, was proficient in twenty languages, and had twenty-one sea-captains in his church; Ezra Ripley, who preached his last sermon on his ninetieth birthday, "sat down when he had done," and is tenderly delineated by his stepson, R. W. Emerson; Eliphalet Porter, of Roxbury, whose bold defence of pulpit liberty led to much controversy; John Pierce, of Brookline, antiquarian and historian, a devoted friend of Harvard, and an evident saint indeed. "Men resorted to his house as to a shrine, and none left it without a benediction." But we must not go on.

Events, sometimes dramatic, steady development, constant movement, agitation, discussion, organisation, mark the period covered by the second volume. King's Chapel, Boston, the first Episcopal Church in New England, removes the doctrine of the Trinity from its Liturgy (1785); Henry Ware, an avowed Unitarian, is elected a Divinity Professor at Harvard (1805); Channing preaches his epoch-making Baltimore Sermon (1819); David Reed founds the *Christian Register* (1821); the American Unitarian Association is organised in Boston (1825); Tuckerman begins his ministry at Large (1826); Emerson delivers his famous Divinity School Address (1838); the National Conference is constituted (1865). Of these events the most remarkable was the conversion of King's Chapel. James Freeman, in difficulty with the Prayer Book Liturgy, was a New England Lindsey, and Samuel Clarke's amendments were adopted in each case. The "propriety" not only sanctioned the change, but ordained their minister, hitherto only a Reader, as "Rector, Minister, Priest, Pastor, and Ruling Elder!" Such a compendious breach with the Episcopal Church, whilst still retaining the edifice—secession without sequestration, disestablishment without disendowment. Still there is no outward cleavage in the Con-

gregational Churches until the appointment of Henry Ware to the Divinity Chair sets the spark at last to the fire, and arouses a distinctly Unitarian controversy, which burns on until the line of demarcation is very plainly drawn. There was an intense desire on the part of the Liberal wing to escape separation, to keep their place within Congregationalism, and not to be known in derision as "The Boston Religion." But Channing's famous Baltimore discourse, whilst free from all controversial purpose, brought matters to a crisis. So powerful a defence of the Liberals was an implicit attack on the orthodox school. The separation gradually came about without any formal or collective act. The Liberals were not ejected, nor did they secede, but they were now more conspicuously left out in the cold, and felt ultimately compelled to form a fellowship of their own which they wisely, or unwisely, called the Unitarian Association. We own to wondering whether this step was an inevitable one, and we are glad to learn that it was not taken without some reluctance and misgiving. It would not, we think, have been needed to-day, but nearly a century has since passed away. Four years earlier had been founded the *Christian Register*, not as a denominational paper, but as a general religious organ for liberal expression. Tuckerman's Ministry at Large was also commenced on an undenominational basis, led in a few years to the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, inspired our English Domestic Missions, and showed the world a new practice of broad Christian beneficence. We have waited for years for a more adequate treatment of Tuckerman's consecrated life and labours, but the sketch before us does not add much to our knowledge, and his nephew's reprinted account is somewhat unsympathetic.

Reference to Emerson and his Harvard deliverance comes under Henry Ware, jun., to whom he acted as colleague-pastor for three short years and no more. The specified cause of his resignation was only part of a larger reason, namely, the difficult accommodation of tradition and freedom. "The tall, spare young man with the sweet, mild face" held and uttered those radical views which afterwards caused such consternation beyond his own congregation. But he remained a preacher to the last, albeit a lay preacher, and outside the church. The warmest eulogy of this volume is given, however, to young Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who was carried away by epilepsy in his twenty-eighth year. The indescribable charm of his manner and spirit and look are well caught in Stuart's portrait, which is not given, but which we have seen.

The "Preachers" of the third volume are doubly interesting—for their own sakes and their biographers'. Some of the former will be remembered when living in the flesh, many of the latter are still numbered amongst our friends. There is neither room to summarise nor need to criticise. The late J. W. Chadwick writes on Henry Bellows and Samuel Longfellow; Thomas Wentworth Higginson on William Henry Channing; Mr. Gannett on Ezra Stiles, Gannett and Calvin Lincoln—the

latter one of the saints and a man of the Beatitudes; Dr. de Normandie on George Putnam and Andrew Peabody; Dr. Ames on Cyrus Bartol; Dr. Crothers on Carroll Everett; Dr. Hall on Joseph H. Allen, the Church historian; Prof. Fenn on Theodore Parker; the Editor on Ephraim Peabody. There are also notices of the hymn writers, Furness and Sears, of both the Samuel Mays, of Orville Dewey and Freeman Clarke, of Octavius Brooks Frothingham and of Thomas Starr King; and they are all excellent reading.

We hope enough has been said to commend this work to all readers who can gain access to it. We have, alas, as yet no English work to compare with it. Wallace's "Anti-Trinitarian Biography," its nearest counterpart, is useful for reference and authorities, but it is cold and without interest. Turner's "Lives of Eminent Unitarians" only deals with thirty-four names. The Rev. Alexander Gordon's published lectures on Baxter and Priestley, together with his articles in the "National Dictionary of Biography," are the only contributions we can boast towards a comprehensive work. In the meantime Religious Liberalism in its wider acceptance is awaiting its historian.

F. K. F.

TWO BOOKS ON ST. PAUL.

Studies of Paul and His Gospel. A. E. Garvie, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. The Epistles to the Corinthians. John E. Macfadyen, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

PRINCIPAL GARVIE, of New College, London, has collected into book form his "Studies of Paul and his Gospel" originally contributed to the *Expositor*. There are fifteen; a third of them deal with "The Man," and the rest with "The Message." The vast range of literature on the subject leaves indeed little for a writer to say, if he be "orthodox," and, of course, one does not expect heresy from Dr. Garvie. His book is chiefly of service in bringing together suggestions culled from many commentators, while the author himself sheds the light of modern Christian thought upon the whole. Naturally, he has no sympathy with the disposition to set aside St. Paul in favour of a movement "back to Christ"; his own point of view is exhibited in the following rather startling words:—"As a study of the experience of Paul will show, he himself was conscious of his absolute dependence on, his intimate communion with, and his loyal submission to, his Living Lord; and, unless we are to judge him as self-deceived or as deceiving others, we must regard his life which was hid with Christ in God as a continuation of the ministry of Jesus. God was still revealing His Son in Paul." Apart from the question as to whether this application of the words of the latter sentence is justifiable, we are tempted to ask where and when is "the ministry of Jesus" to be considered ended if it was really continued in Paul? If felt communion with Christ is the essential thing, are we to conclude that all disciples who have shared it, share also in the "ministry

of Jesus"? And if so, considering the great variety of their opinions and practices, must we not still go "back to Christ," for a wholesome corrective? We must refrain, however, from further argument; the whole book suggests much—if only we could convince ourselves that our profit lies in the doubtful disputations that buzz around the subject.

Professor Macfadyen's commentary on "The Epistles to the Corinthians" is obviously a more serviceable book. The author exhibits the breadth of view and scholarly acumen characteristic of many modern Scottish writers, and while adhering in the main to the traditional interpretation, it is with welcome difference from the style of former days. The method adopted of a running translation interwoven with the comment, and indicated by heavier type, is a very convenient one. Of course, the Greek expressions are quoted now and again, and usually with good effect in the emphasis of delicate but important shades of meaning, but the reader of English only will still find this volume exceedingly useful. By way of educative comparison, however, he would do well to have at hand Dr. Drummond's all too short commentary in the *International Handbooks* series.

THE FAITH OF AN AVERAGE MAN. By C. H. S. Matthews, M.A. London: Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d. net.

It is rather the faith of an average Churchman than of an average man that is described and inculcated in this volume, though perhaps for the author, who is an ardent Anglican, the one phrase means the same as the other. It is the requirements of the members of the Church of England that he keeps steadily in view; the existence of other religious communities, with their average men, is hardly glanced at. Though fairly orthodox himself, he is for liberty of thought within the Church, and he considers that "it would be an act of charity to modify the rubric requiring the constant recitation of the Athanasian Creed in the interest of the average churchgoer who is puzzled and distressed" in regard to it. On the question of miracles, about which there is so much controversy in connection with the Rev. J. M. Thompson's book, he pleads for patience and openmindedness on both sides. There is a good deal in the volume by which average men in all the churches might benefit.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK:—The Writers' and Artists' Year Book, 1912. 1s. net. Who's Who Year Book, 1912-13. 10s. net. The Englishwoman's Year Book, 1912. 2s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS:—Fry's London Charities. 1s. 6d.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & SON:—Forty-two Poems: J. E. Flecker. 2s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. R. JACKSON & SONS:—Is it Hard to be Free? Harry Toulden. 7d.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., LTD.:—Falling Upwards: F. W. Orde Ward. 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sunday School Quarterly, April, 1911. News of the Churches.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE WOODMAN AND THE CHILD.

OLD Mond had lost heart, and seemed as if he would never be of any more good. For longer than any one knew he had been the happiest creature alive, dwelling and working in a wood that always seemed to have some new surprises for him. You would have thought he knew everything that grew there, yet hardly a day had passed without a fresh tree or bush, flower or leaf, animal, bird, or insect being discovered. Nothing was too great or too small to interest him. Mere sounds, such as a bird's song or a squirrel pattering over dry leaves, would make him suddenly smile as if he were just finding a buried secret. To watch a morning mist on the grass, the sunlight gleaming through leaves, or one of those mighty thunder-clouds with the sharpest edges of all clouds, was enough to set him dreaming like a poet. He had never seemed tired of thinking about the wonder and beauty of it all, and asking himself endless questions as to how things came to be as they are, and why.

It was the why that puzzled him mostly; why things were beautiful instead of ugly, and so on. He used to pass whole days imagining the wood as only a beginning that would one day change as if by magic into something else, something that it was intended to be from the first, when every tree and flower and bird would be like a story that we only understand when we reach the end.

But now he had grown suddenly tired of everything; he who had hitherto felt so glad to be alive, who had tasted every day as we sip a cup of water from a newly found spring. He had gone into his house with weary, heavy steps, not giving a glance at his axe or tools, and had flung himself down ready to die.

"I shall make no more toys for the children," he said. Now that was the worst sign of all; he must have felt hopeless before he could say it; for of all the pleasures he had known the chief had been the making of toys. Old Mond had lived for nothing but the children. All his work, his singing, his thinking had really been for them; he only lived in a dream of the time that was to be, the future that was in the hands of the children. So it was like shutting the book and putting out the light for no more of that story is to come. We read to reach it, but no one loves to see "The End."

The woodman took to his bed, and nothing seemed likely to rouse him. Medicine men came, but they could do no good, because it was not his body that was out of order. They could not understand why so strong and healthy a person should feel no wish to be up and doing, and try as they would they could not find the kind of medicine that would put him right again.

And when they tried what is called the "breezy manner," telling him he had been thinking too much and that what he wanted was open air with plenty of hard work, and no hunting for the reason of things, old Mond sighed, and kept

saying "But what is the good of it all?" till they left him.

The priest came and talked about the mysteries of religion and the need of belief, and the vanity of spending one's life in making toys for the children. He told the woodman to think of his soul's salvation and his sins.

"I haven't any," said old Mond in his simple way. "I do not really understand what you are talking about, and it does not seem to me worth wanting to understand."

"Then you will die and be lost," said the priest, and went off as if angry.

A soldier came, one who had spent his whole life in the wars. He thought it would be a strange thing if he could not rouse Mond with stories of fierce battles. He told his tales one after the other, and told them so well that he brought fire into the woodman's eyes.

"Now what do you think of wasting your strength and skill in making toys for children?" he cried. "Better by far stir yourself, and come and help us. There is still war to come. If we conquer at last we shall be able to bring the whole world, East and West, together. Isn't that worth fighting for?"

"Nothing is worth fighting for," murmured the woodman, whose eyes had lost their flash, and who felt, you see, in a very despondent state. He turned wearily to the wall, and said, "I am old and tired of your wars. They do no good, but only harm." The soldier turned away, and left him.

The door had hardly closed on the voice of war before it opened to let in an aged scholar, a wise man, a philosopher. He came and sat down by the woodman and began to talk. He was so very wise that he talked for hours and hours without saying anything. And all in such long words, his sentences would have gone over the page every time if he had been writing them. And they were dry! You could have swept them up with a duster. The philosopher talked on, poor old Mond listening and trying hard to understand (as children do with sermons sometimes), until he fell fast asleep. But philosophy does not mind whether you listen or not, so long as it can go on talking. This wise man kept saying the same things over again in numbers of different ways, but you were no better in the end; it was like watching a clock that keeps on ticking, but has no hands. The wise man thought his philosophy would save old Mond, and perhaps it did, because it gave him a good sound sleep.

When he woke it was to hear a child's rippling laugh just outside. Soon the door opened gently, and a little head peeped in. . . . At first its owner was a wee bit frightened, but something in the woodman's face made it less afraid, and it asked, "May I come in?" Old Mond was pleased, for he had always loved children. To him they were like little bits of blue sky let down on to the earth. So he smiled at the child, nodded, and the little one came in. Soon they were chattering away as if they were old friends, for Mond had a knack of making everyone feel at home with him, as if they were related to him naturally. After a while the child wanted to know more about him.

"What do you do when you go out?"

"I gather wood in the forest. Then I chop it."

"Is yours a very sharp chopper?"

"Yes, my axe is as bright as silver and as sharp as lightning."

"Do you like doing it?"

The old woodman raised himself on his bed. "Like it? Better than anything I know. When I bring in the logs and the branches I seem as fond of them as if they were alive. I handle them, and turn them over, and like the feel of them. And when I start shaping them with my axe, I only want to work."

"Wouldn't you rather be doing nothing?"

"I am only happy when I am busy. I love the woodshed. It is my workshop. I sit there on the ground, with a heap of blocks ready to my hand. It is splendid when the axe goes splitting down the wood, swift and smooth like a flying bird. Sometimes there's a hard knot, and I won't go round. I strike the blade into it, cut after cut into the same place, till I carve through it straight and clear."

"I wish I were a woodcutter. When you do some more, may I watch you?"

"Why, of course," and old Mond looked steadily at the open door. "I think I will come and do some now," he said, "I feel better than I did—not so miserable and tired."

He rose from his bed, and was soon out in the open, the child talking all the while. They went to a pile of logs that was ready for the woodman, and the child look on as old Mond set about his task. How lovely it was to watch the flash of the axe, the cleft in the wood, and the white straight pieces as they grew into a heap. Then old Mond took out his knife. Such a knife—with a long blade of razor's edge, and needle's point—fit to cut anything. He chose a small clean block of wood, and began to cut it, till it looked like a tiny man, with eyes and nose, mouth and ears, the shape of the arms at the side, and the legs straight down. Afterwards he carved a horse then a bear, and a camel, and a cat. At last he had made so many that the child said, "Who are these for?"

"For you."

"But I shouldn't want them all."

"Then let the other children have some."

So it came about that old Mond found himself happy again in making no end of toys and things for the children, and he has kept on up to now. For I believe old Mond was really the world of men and women that was nearly dead. Its teachers were out of date and could do nothing; it was tired of conquest and bloodshed; the philosophies of the wise were dreary things, and of small good to the world as it was then. But a little child came, and loved it, and cared about what it was doing, and did not ask it to be a believer, a soldier, or a learned man, but just to be happy in its work and life. And that is why we keep the day when a little child opened old Mond's door, and came into his life to save him. They say it was a stable door in Bethlehem, but I think any door will do if only a happy child opens it.

EDGAR DAPLYN.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

MISS LUCY TOULMIN SMITH.

IN the death of Lucy Toulmin Smith English scholarship loses one of its most devoted workers, and a very large circle, "lay" as well as learned, an ever welcome and ever helpful friend. She was the eldest of three daughters of Toulmin Smith, a London barrister of high professional distinction, and even better known for his self-sacrificing and energetic advocacy of many public causes. His strong democratic sympathies were directed by a keen historical sense, and found expression in researches into the history of trade guilds, as well as in an indomitable championship of oppressed nationalities. His classical volume on the guilds, and his important share in organising the English aid to the Hungarian patriot refugees of 1849, are his principal titles to remembrance. And Hungary at least remembers him; a letter from the Koszuth Committee at Buda Pest, commemorating his services, was received only last spring by his daughter. These points are not irrelevant to the present purpose; for Lucy Smith (born in 1838) passed the first years of womanhood, up to her father's death, in 1869, in close and intimate association with his work. His historical researches, especially, gave the first bent to her own intellectual curiosity, and touched with a glamour which for her never faded, the field of mediæval studies in which most of her own work was to be done. Probably, too, she owed in part to this valuable, masculine training under a finely equipped legal mind her singular emancipation from the slovenly and easy-going dilettantism which English philology, in this native field, has only in very recent times outgrown. Without having had the advantage of any methodic university discipline she was recognised as a comrade by the specialists of France, Germany, and America, in her chosen subjects, long before they discovered, as very many of them came to do, that her friendship was something even rarer and more precious than her scholarship. The work by which she will be longest remembered among those who have to do with books is doubtless her edition of Leland's *Itinerary*. The preparation of the text, the notes, and the exceedingly valuable maps, had occupied her leisure for several years; and there was no surer way, during these years, of bringing an added brightness into her face and an added animation into her talk, than by showing an interest in the old antiquary and the tantalisingly matter-of-fact record of his travels. It was a great satisfaction to her, at the end, to have left this task complete. It was, however, only the last of a series of solid and sterling performances, of which this is not the place to speak at large. We many mention, however, her editorial work upon the mediæval chronicle, *Cursor Mundi*; her edition of the Journals of the Earl of Derby (afterwards Henry IV.)—a mine of information upon Continental travel in the fourteenth century; her work upon the records of the Knights Hospitaller of Malta; her edition of *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy; her collection of a host

of additional passages for the *Century of Shakspeare's Praise*; and her translation of M. Jusserand's *La Vie Nomade* under the now well-known title of *Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*. But these were only the larger and more conspicuous items. A complete record of her work could probably be drawn up, out of his own knowledge, by no single person now alive. For her time and strength were freely drawn upon, during twenty years at least of her working life, by scholars at a distance who needed information to be quarried, or MSS. to be read, at the British Museum, or the Bodleian, or the Record Office. Some of these services were paid for, but many others were done out of sheer loyalty to the freemasonry of scholars; or better (for the phrase is too grandiose to suit her), out of a spontaneous hospitality of mind which rejoiced to entertain and cherish the plans and projects of other people as if they were her own.

And perhaps hospitality, in this larger as well as in the more literal sense, is not far from being the aptest clue to the inmost nature of Lucy Smith. She had a gift for it (in both kinds) which amounted almost to genius, and a joy in exercising it which no private grief (and she had her share) or household irritation, or ill-health ever disturbed; or if they did, no guest ever found it out. It was a common and wondering remark among her friends that she had no moods; that her "even cheerfulness clear" never varied. But neither did its evenness ever grow tedious. Custom could not stale, nor age, it seemed, wither, that beautiful monotony of good-nature—a monotony which on the contrary refreshed and re-animated like the perennial sound of a spring. And in all the minor ritual of hospitality she was as well versed as if she had known no other. Whether in the stately old home on Highgate Hill, whence you looked down, as Coleridge had once done, over sloping gardens to "London and its smoke-tumult," or in the little house at Oxford, where with a faithful housekeeper she spent the last sixteen years of her life, her delicate forethought and choice taste were impressed upon every detail. She had probably gathered the flowers and the fruit; she had certainly planted and watered them. Keen scholar and woman of letters as she was, she might equally have passed for a chatelaine of the fine old style, nice in the lore of the china-closet and the linen cupboard, of the greenhouse and the herb-bed; and daily to be seen, by some early-waking guest, busy with gloves and pruning-shears among her lawns and shrubberies. Lucy Smith was indeed a most accomplished gardener; and friends who possessed gardens but wanted this accomplishment, had reason to dread the searching criticisms which followed her arrival. But her frankness was fundamentally kind, as her scholarly camaraderie, too, had in it an indefinable suggestion or survival of old-fashioned courtesy. And with all her openness to modern ideas, her accessibility to every kind of worth in man or woman, you always felt that she had traditions, which were very precious to her, but of which she seldom spoke. In this fine blend of older and newer types and ideals of breed-

ing lay part of the secret of the charm she exercised upon every order of guest. And among her "guests" we reckon the numerous persons from far and near who found a hostess and a friend in the Librarian of Manchester College. The College honoured itself in appointing her, but it did far more. During the sixteen years of her tenure she formed a link, through her many friendships, between the College and the Oxford world at large which contributed not a little to the place which it now holds there. The stranger who came for research to the Library was rarely long in making acquaintance with the Librarian's home. In her little drawing-room in Park Town, as of old at Highgate, scholars of European reputation jostled with shy novices pre-occupied with a doctor's dissertation. The young German, Frenchman, or American has often owed to her his initiation into the mysteries of the Bodleian and of the more recondite libraries of the Colleges. And they have rarely forgotten it. The news of her death will waken deep regrets in many an elderly scholar who remembers the helping hand held out to him in his youth by Lucy Toulmin Smith. To the writer of these lines it means the end of a close and unclouded friendship of thirty years.

C. H. HERFORD.

The funeral service was held in the chapel at Manchester College last Wednesday, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Drummond and the Rev. Dr. Odgers.

MR. HUGH RONALDS.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Hugh Ronalds, J.P., who died at Swainshill, near Hereford, on December 10, aged 78.

Mr. Ronalds was born in Canonbury-square, London, in 1833. Educated at a private school, after a short time in his father's merchant office in Thames-street, he went to New Zealand, in 1850, and took part in the Maori War as a volunteer. At the close of the war, his prospects as a farmer ruined, he returned in 1858 to join his brother, the late Dr. Edmund Ronalds, in the Bannington Chemical Works, near Edinburgh. Retiring from this in 1877, he went to live at Edgcombe, Swainshill, where, partner for a time in the King's Acre Nurseries, he devoted his time and energies to public and philanthropic work. In 1883 he became chairman of the Hereford Board of Guardians, an office which he held, except for an interval of three years during which, with his family, he was living abroad, for the long period until February of this year. To the details of relief Mr. Ronalds gave much time, and his knowledge of Poor Law matters generally was exceptional, as his experience was long, his patience and courtesy as chairman of the Guardians were proverbial, and, while he had the greatest sympathy with the poor who continually came before him, his perspicacity enabled him to detect the humbug quickly, and thus to guard the ratepayers' interests.

Mr. Ronalds was also a member of the Hereford District Council. For many years he was on the management of the Herefordshire General Hospital, while it was mainly through his efforts that the Hereford Isolation Hospital was built. One of the committee of the County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals owed its foundation to Mr. Ronalds, who was also for many years hon. secretary of the Herefordshire and Border Counties Anti-vivisection Society. "The most unselfish man I have ever known," said one at the funeral, who knew Mr. Ronalds well and his influence upon those among whom he lived. Mr. Ronalds was married to a daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Greg. His widow and family of one son and three daughters are left to mourn his loss. The funeral took place at the Hereford Cemetery on December 14, the service being conducted by the Rev. Rudolf Davis, of Gloucester.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL BASIS OF POLITICS.

The Dunkin Lectures on Sociology at Manchester College.

THE Dunkin Lectures on "The Psychological Basis of Politics," delivered by Mr. Graham Wallas at Manchester College this term, have been largely attended and followed with great interest. Such lectures are not often heard in Oxford, or out of it, for they exhibit a very rare combination of practical knowledge and fertile imagination. The problem Mr. Wallas has had before him is the relation of the individual to the modern "great society," and the part played by instinct and intelligence in the adaptation of the individual to the larger and more complex environment which he both serves and helps to control. We are to-day living in an environment different from that which originally produced the needful stimuli for our dispositions, and our task in reforming society is to make a world which will offer satisfaction for inherited dispositions at present stimulated artificially and under inappropriate conditions. Mr. Wallas discussed successively the great political theories associated with the psychological facts of Habit, Fear, Pleasure, Pain, Sympathy and Imitation, clearly demonstrating the inadequacy of each as a true or illuminating account of at any rate the modern "great society."

In outward organisation, the "great society" is a miracle of successful machinery, exemplified in trusts, cities of five and nations of a hundred million souls, Empires and Alliances. But a growing danger is making itself felt, an inward confusion of mind and feeling. We

must face the question whether, in our attempt to reduce this confusion, we should adopt the policy of treating the animal man, with his more brutal dispositions inherited from earlier types of civilisation, as the normal, or the policy of searching for or inventing a harmony of old and new, natural and artificial, of Art and Life. If the former is our policy, we must be prepared for war in all its forms, within States and between States, and for the discovery that the result is incompatible with the "great society" and its vast material and social wealth. If the latter, the task before us is to discover the point of intersection of two curves, to arrive at a compromise in which society will be held together by some degree of goodwill and understanding. We shall be prepared to find obstacles in our way. The first will be the economic inequalities which co-exist with political democracy. At present, for example, the opinion of the proletariat is largely organised by the large owners of property through the tied press. Secondly, the Powers must come to some reasonable understanding with one another. Thirdly, those who lead should have some clear idea of their relation to other peoples, and especially to the peoples of the tropics; and lastly, the question of population must be reconsidered in a very concrete way. But these obstacles will baffle us until we have a deep and intelligent hope regarding the end, the kind of life to which the reconstruction of the harmony is to lead. With regard to that, one thing is clear. There is no single, simple state of happiness on which we can concentrate. A judgment of life as a whole must be aimed at, one which will bring together the old inherited dispositions and the new needs consequent on invention and wealth. We must visualise the kind of life we are aiming at. Mr. Wallas spoke of the great city, the great business, the great State, and pointed out with a wealth of illustration the pitfalls we encounter if we treat these as either magnifications or multiplications of smaller towns, businesses, or local areas. Finally, he indicated the opportunities before the social inventor, the man like Bentham or Rowland Hill, who will bring infinite patience, courage, loyalty, pity and hope into the task of inventing new ways of life. He confessed to having dreams of a new Oxford Movement arising out of the extension of social and political studies in the University.

It would be unfair to attempt to suggest issues that might profitably have been followed up or suggestions that might have been rendered more concrete, seeing that Mr. Wallas compressed into eight lectures a great amount of material of a kind difficult to render useful to his audience without a good deal of repetition, but we hope that when they appear in another form Mr. Wallas will take the opportunity of elucidating somewhat his treatment of the psychology of pleasure and pain, for example. One most encouraging feature of the lectures was the practical use which Mr. Wallas frequently made of the results of the science of experimental psychology, which science, by the way, Oxford does not teach.

H. E. B. S.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Ainsworth Presbyterian Chapel.—A sale of work with Christmas-tree entertainment was held on Saturday, Dec. 16, in connection with the Presbyterian chapel and school. Mrs. W. Holt (of Walshaw) performed the opening ceremony, Dr. Nuttall being in the chair. The vicar of Ainsworth took part in the proceedings and wished the promoters God-speed. £50 was the sum aimed at to meet the expenses incurred by the installation of electric light in both chapel and school. The gross receipts were well over £100 and the net result will be about £96.

Bolton.—There was again an audience of 650 people present at Dr. Carpenter's lecture on Tuesday night, December 19. The subject was "The Theological Christ."

Bournemouth.—On Sunday afternoon, December 17, the Rev. V. D. Davis gave the address at the Brotherhood meeting of the Boscombe Congregational Church. He greatly appreciated their kindness, he said, in asking him to come there, especially as it was the first invitation he had received since he came to Bournemouth to speak in any church of another denomination. "International Brotherhood" was the subject of his address, which touched upon the Supreme Court of the United States of America, and the ideal of the "United States of Europe." Referring to King Edward's arbitration in the dispute between the Argentine and Chile, he repeated Gannett's lines, "The Christ of the Andes," and concluded with a plea for a better understanding, and more confidence and sympathy between this country and Germany as the most urgent need at the moment in the cause of a true Christian brotherhood. Mr. Davis afterwards distributed the prizes to the members of the book club. Before the close of the meeting words of cordial thanks were spoken by the Rev. A. Clegg, minister of the church.

Burnley: Trafalgar-street Church.—A sale of work was successfully carried through last week at Trafalgar-street Church. On Thursday, December 14, Mr. Thomas Harwood, of Bolton, presided, and Alderman William Healey, of Heywood, gave the opening address. On Saturday, December 16, Mr. John Thomas Bibby was the chairman, and Mr. James Pollard performed the opening ceremony. The picturesque old English town which the stalls represented was the work of the Rev. Fred Hall, of Blackburn. The result of the two days' sale, as far as at present ascertained, amounted to £125.

Doncaster Free Christian Church.—The British and Foreign Unitarian Association have recently passed the following resolution: "That in view of the success of the services of the Rev. Percy W. Jones and the enthusiasm of the congregation, it is now necessary that a suitable building be erected at Doncaster, and the Committee of the Association cordially commend the appeal for £1,500 to the Unitarian public; and that a grant of £50 be made from the funds of the Association towards the cost of erecting the new buildings, and a further grant later of the last £50 of the £1,500 required."

Exeter.—In the old George's Chapel a stained glass window has just been erected by the Rev. T. L. Marshall in memory of his parents, who were long connected with the congregation, and two sons who died in their childhood in Boston, United States, and were buried under the historical Old

King's Chapel. In the centre of the window is a bust of Dr. Channing, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were personally acquainted during their residence of eight years in Boston, and on each side are the names of the five members of the family. On Sunday morning, December 17, the Rev. R. H. U. Bloor, B.A., made some appropriate remarks before his sermon in reference to the window, and expressed a hope that other memorial windows of the same kind would be added.

Liverpool.—The attendance at the Royal Institution on the occasion of Dr. Carpenter's second lecture, "The Theological Christ," was even better than on the previous week, and the audience, which included Sir William Bowring, Mr. Richard D. Holt, M.P., and Mr. Hugh Rathbone, listened with the greatest interest as the remarkable degree of analogy in the developments, both of the Buddha and Christ, was pointed out.

Liverpool: Boys' Own Brigade.—The annual meeting of the Liverpool Battalion was held at the Domestic Mission, Mill-street, on December 14, Mr. C. Sydney Jones presiding. The report showed that good progress had been made during the year. No. 7 Company (Mill-street) has 51 boys on the roll, and No. 8 Company (Hamilton-road) 32. When the report and accounts had been passed and the battalion executive had been elected, the chairman welcomed the Rev. Neander Anderton and Captain Vallance and Lieutenant Goddard, officers of No. 10 Company, who had come from Monton to see the Liverpool companies. The business meeting was followed by a display in the large hall, at which a number of the boys' parents were present. The programme consisted of squad drill, physical drill, ambulance exhibition, and items from the two bands. At the close both companies formed up, and the chairman congratulated the officers on the splendid way in which the boys had benefited by their instruction, and urged the parents to assist in the work by sending their boys regularly to the different classes. The band of No. 7 Company then played the general salute, and No. 8 Company played "God Save the King."

Liverpool: Hope-street Church.—A remarkable entertainment was given on December 12 in connection with Hope-street Church, having as its object the obtaining of a sum of money for a specific church purpose. It consisted partly of an excellent concert, organised by Miss E. C. Greene, and partly of a series of representations of famous Greek statues, or groups of statuary (tableaux vivants), presented by Mrs. H. D. Roberts. These were exceedingly beautiful and were received by the large audience with the utmost enthusiasm. The statues were all personated by members of the Hope-street church congregation. It is invidious to select items where all were excellent, but perhaps it is permissible to mention Miss Mary Houey's violin playing, and the "Orpheus Relief," the "Diana," the "Aphrodite," the "Eirene with Plutus," the "Victory of Paonius," and the tableaux suggested by Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" among the statuary as being especially delightful. Mr. F. C. Nicholls accompanied the tableaux with very interesting original music, and the whole entertainment was a great success.

London, Hackney: New Gravel Pit Church.—There was a large attendance of scholars and friends at the New Gravel Pit church on Sunday afternoon, December 17, when the Rev. Bertram Lister conducted a children's service previous to the annual prize distribution in the school-room. The prizes were given away by Mrs. Lister. The Rev. Bertram Lister, who was in the chair, said he was pleased to be able to congratulate the teachers and scholars on a record year—93 of the scholars having gained prizes, which meant getting 80 per cent. of the marks given for attendance and good conduct, and there

being an average attendance at Sunday school of 185 scholars.

Manchester, Swinton.—A meeting of the congregation of the Free Church was held on Wednesday evening, December 13, when a letter was read from the Rev. W. McMullen resigning his position as minister. A resolution, accepting the resignation with great regret, and recording their appreciation of the services rendered to the church by Mr. McMullen during his four years' ministry, was adopted by those present.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The biennial sale of work was held in the school-room of the Church of the Divine Unity on December 6 and 19, £262 being realised. The sale of work was opened by Mrs. Tweedy, Mr. Otto Levin, J.P., presiding. During the year the church fabric has been restored, and the interior of both church and school redecorated.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—The Rev. A. J. Pineo writes from Winnipeg as follows:—"About mid-October, the Rev. Matthew Scott, who, following the resignation of Mr. Vrooman in the early summer, filled the pulpit of All Souls' Church, left to take charge of the work at Vancouver, and the writer, formerly in charge of the churches at Vancouver and Victoria, came to take his place. The church here appears to be making some progress, in spite of peculiar difficulties. One of these difficulties is the shifting nature of the population of the city. Winnipeg is properly named the "Gateway to the North-West." Into it flow the streams of immigration from the East and South and from the Old World. Here many of the incoming people tarry for a time, but sooner or later most of them move onward, and scatter over the vast prairies to the West and North. But while the transient nature of our constituency retards somewhat the visible progress of our work, it adds to the importance of that work, making it possible for this city to be a radiating centre for liberalising influences that shall leaven all this great new land. Last week the Women's Alliance, a very zealous and efficient band, held a sale of work by which the sum of £15 was realised. This sum is to be applied to the final payment upon the very eligible plot of ground acquired some time since. In addition to the usual Sunday evening service, a morning meeting has been planned. This takes the form of a lecture upon some social, economic or scientific subject for the purposes of education and the emphasising of points of contact with practical religion. These lectures seem to awaken considerable interest. At present our services are being held in a public hall, not very suitable for the purpose, but we are looking forward hopefully to the possibility of building a church next summer. It is believed that upon the completion of our church building a serious handicap will be removed, and we shall enter upon a new era of progress. I wish to add, on behalf of All Souls' Unitarian Church, that visitors in sympathy with Liberal Christianity will find with us a cordial welcome. All such are earnestly requested to seek us out immediately after their arrival. The address of the minister, the Rev. Albert J. Pineo, is 251, Spence-street."

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF NEW YORK."

The death at the age of 95 of Mr. John Bigelow, the well-known author and diplomatist, who has been called "the first gentleman of New York," removes another member of the circle of Abolitionists which did so much to arouse the feeling of the North against slavery. He was for eleven years associated with William Cullen Bryant in

the ownership of the New York *Evening Post*, of which he was the managing editor, and during this time the circulation and influence of the paper rapidly increased; but he never really cared for journalism, and in 1861 gave it up in order to live the quiet life of a student and man of letters. He was, however, almost immediately sent to Paris as Consul, where he won for himself during the strenuous years which followed a place in the front rank of the diplomatic representatives who have served the United States abroad. After his return to America he still retained his interest in public affairs, occupying various positions of civic trust, and his autobiographical volumes entitled "Retrospections of an Active Life" were published as late as 1910. His Lives of Bryant and Samuel Tilden, with both of whom he was closely associated, and his Life of Benjamin Franklin are probably the three books written by him which will have the most permanent value. Mr. Bigelow was the father of Poultney Bigelow, the well-known writer on the politics of Central Europe.

MR. EDWIN ABBEY'S PICTURES.

A large collection of Mr. Abbey's pictures will be shown at the forthcoming winter exhibition at Burlington House, and many representative drawings and studies have been brought over from the United States for the purpose. This reminds us that the mural paintings which were to have been done by Abbey for the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, and which he left unfinished, are being completed by Miss Violet Oakley, an artist who has already won much fame in America. Miss Oakley has accomplished a great amount of work although she is still young, and her most recent achievement is the set of panels and mural paintings that decorate the large hall of the Charlton Yarnall house in Philadelphia. Mr. Abbey had only fulfilled a small part of his contract at the time of his death, and the entire Supreme Court Room, and all the panels except one of the Senate Chamber, still remain to be done.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

A letter has been circulated by some of the friends of Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald and signed by Dr. Ethel Bentham, Sir Edward Wood, Canon Barnett, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Mr. J. A. Hobson and others, calling attention to the proposed memorial which was discussed last month at a private meeting. To many it seemed that a statue would best express the feelings which prompted the scheme, and "the thought of a symbolic figure with the features of Margaret Macdonald, a mother with her own child, holding out the hand of fellowship to other women, appealed to many of her friends." Those, however, to whom the idea of any memorial that does not embody practical work is not altogether acceptable are asked to help one of two projects:—(1) The Baby Clinic at North Kensington, the joint memorial of the Women's Labour League to Margaret Macdonald and her friend and co-secretary of the League, Mary Middleton. (2) A new ward to the Leicester Children's Hospital, to be called the Margaret Macdonald Ward. The hon. treasurers are as

follows:—For sculpture, Mrs. D'Arcy Hart, 18, Pembridge Gardens, London, W.; for Baby Clinic, Mrs. P. H. Nodin, Minook, Kenley, Surrey; for the Leicester Children's Hospital, Sir Edward Wood, Shirley Lodge, Leicester.

ROYAL INSTITUTION'S HOLIDAY LECTURES.

Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell has hit upon a delightful and original subject for his talks to juvenile audiences at the Royal Institute during the Christmas holidays. He is going to tell the little people something about the children of the animal world. "One hopes," he said to a *Daily News* representative, "to strike the difference between living things and the most elaborate bodies of machinery. You may have a new motor-car, but you never have a young motor-car; whereas practically all animals have a period of childhood, in which they are gradually growing and learning to become adults. What I am going to do is to give as many examples as I can of the features of childhood in different kinds of animals." The titles of the lectures, "The Duration of Youth," "Colours and Patterns of Young Animals," "Young Animals at Home," "The Feeding of Young Animals," and "The Play of Young Animals," seem to promise a good deal of entertainment and instruction which may appeal to the grown-ups quite as much as to the children.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has drawn attention to the fact that the new Protection of Animals Act, introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. George Greenwood, M.P., will come into force on January 1. The Act embraces both domestic animals and captive animals of whatsoever kind or species, and it will after January 1 be an offence to cruelly beat, kick, ill-treat, over-ride, over-drive, over-load, torture, infuriate, or terrify, or to cause, or, being the owner, permit any of the above to be committed.

* * *

A most important advance in the new Act is that the Court may order the destruction of any animal when an owner is convicted of cruelty to the same, on being satisfied that it would be cruel to keep it alive; and, further, the Court, when convicting the owner, may, upon proof of a previous conviction or other evidence that further cruelty may be inflicted, deprive him of the possession of the animal. This last amendment is due to the National Canine Defence League. The statute also provides that steel traps set for catching hares and rabbits shall be inspected at reasonable intervals of time, and at least once every day between sunrise and sunset, the penalty for failing to carry out such inspection being a fine up to £5. That such a clause has been made legal is an important recognition of the cruelty involved in the setting of these traps.



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